

This Copy of "ALLY SLOPER" carries with it the advantages of a **Railway Accident Life Policy** for £150.

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VII.—No. 303.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER'S FLOOR-ALL VALENTINE.

"Poor Papa is as kittenish as a boy fresh from Eton. From his conduct on Valentine's Eve, you would never think he was the father of a family, including Twins. Bob tells me that for a long time past Papa has been composing Odes to Harriett Vernon, and babbling generally about her, and on Friday night he made up his mind to wait for her outside the stage-door at Drury Lane and present her with a bouquet. Bob says that he turned his head to light his cigar, and the next moment Papa was on the pavement. The mystery is how he came there. Papa says it wasn't Gussie's boot. Whose, then, could it be?"—TOOTSIE.

A VALENTINE TRAGEDY.—(In Three Acts.)



1. Blobs was a first floorer, and loved his landlady's daughter. Buggs was a second floorer and Blobs' rival. Slow music and departure of Blobs, leaving valentine intended for his beloved on table.



2. Enter fiend in the shape of Buggs. "Ha! ha! a valentine from Blobs to Sarah. We shall see! We shall see!" Change of valentine and likewise of scene.



3. Bringing us to our lady's chamber, in which is enacted the above thrilling tragedy, viz.:—The scornful rejection of Blobs by the fair Sarah. Buggs is now the favoured suitor.

TRICKY WICKS.

"THIS wretched person," says Captain Alexander Smith, writing in 1719, "was born of very good parents, who now keep an inn in Coventry, and bestowed upon him so much education in reading, writing and casting accounts, as qualified him to be a clerk for extraordinary business. He was an exciseman about fourteen months, but not thinking that a post sufficient enough to cheat her Majesty's subjects, he was resolved to impose upon 'em more, by taking all they had on the highway, and, being well equipped for such enterprises, he travelled the roads to seek his fortune."

It seems that Wicks was laid by the heels for his third robbery, and thrown into "that infected pest house, the Marshalsea." He had stolen from his accuser a matter of thirty shillings, and negotiations being opened with the victim by Ned Wicks' parents, he consented not to appear against the robber on payment of sixty guineas—not a bad bargain, as times went then. His lucky escape, however, made no impression on Wicks, and we find him shortly afterwards, in company with one Joe Johnson, stopping the stage-coach between Hounslow and Colebrook. One of the passengers, we read, seeing the rogues wore masks, let fly at Johnson with a "brass-piece or blunderbus, and lodged seven or eight bullets in his body, but Wicks rode off without any hurt, whilst his comrade was apprehended, and, it may be added, subsequently hanged at Tyburn in his twenty-second year." Wicks now pursued his evil courses with "a great

deal of pleasure and satisfaction," and we find him meeting with the redoubtable Lord Mohun on the road, attended by a groom and footman, and commanding him to stand and deliver. Mohun swore he would fight for it; but, seeing Wicks was not to be frightened, he began himself to show the white feather, on which Wicks cock-a-hoop cried, "All the world knows me to be a man, and though your lordship was concerned in the cowardly murdering of Mumford, the player, and Captain Cool, yet I'm not to be frightened at that, and, therefore, down with your gold, or else expect no quarter." His lordship now began to swear, and Wicks merrily cried, "I'll give your honour a fair chance for your money. He that swears the best of us two shall keep his own and his that loseth." His lordship agreed to this bargain, and threw down a purse of fifty guineas, which Wicks matched with a like sum, and "after a quarter of an hour's swearing prodigiously on both sides, it was left to my lord's groom to decide," whereon the groom said, "Indeed, your honour swears as well as ever I heard a person of quality in my life; but, indeed, to give the strange gentleman his due, he has won the wager." And so Wicks, taking up the gold, gave the groom a guinea, and "rid about his business."

Many droll stories might be told of Ned, but we can find room but for this. One evening, in the neighbourhood of Cheshunt, he stopped at a small roadside tavern, where he found its mistress in great grief, her landlord having threatened to sell her up unless she paid her rent that very night. Ned, having heard her story, bade her take heart, and he would make things easy. Then, changing his gold laced coat for an old one his hostess lent him, he hid his horse away in a barn, and sat down by the fire to await the arrival of the landlord, who, sure enough, before long put in an appearance, when "Ned, rising out of the chimney-corner with a short pipe in his mouth," begged that his sister might be allowed a little grace. The landlord, however, indignantly refusing to grant another day's delay, Ned said, shrugging his shoulders, "Let's see a receipt in full, then, and I'll pay for her." The receipt was given readily enough, and the money as readily paid, after which quoth Wicks, "This drawing towards night, sir, and there is great robbing abroad, therefore I would advise you to stay here till to-morrow." This the landlord refused to do, adding, "I don't fear robbing by one man, let him be who he will," and he mounted his horse. But sure enough, while later, Ned, in his laced coat, and with a mask hiding his face, overtook and called on him, in a gruff voice and with many oaths, to empty out his pockets, which the unhappy victim did, returning Ned the rent just received, and as much again. This done, Ned made all haste back to the inn, and again changed his clothes, and before long the robbed man knocked at the door and told his pitiful tale, and then again departed, weeping, when Ned and, maybe, the landlady also had a laugh.

Not so long after this, Tricky Wicks was condemned to death, and though his poor parents strove hard to save the life of their only child, he was, nevertheless, hanged at Warwick on August 29th, 1713, aged twenty-nine years.

"William," lisped the Blue Orbed Blossom, "it's a wicked thing to swear, isn't it, even if you make money by it?"

"Wait till there's an opening, and I'll tell you," said William.

(Next week, "The Greenwich Murder.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest: but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose stamps for that purpose.

FRANK LUCAS (Croydon).—The Eminent regrets that you should have been caused any annoyance, but fails to see how your own or your brother's reputation can possibly be damaged, because some idiot of the same name sent us in some stupid sketches, which were declined through this column. Your explanation to your friends should satisfy them.—H. FOXLEY (S.W.).—The Eminent cannot divulge the name of any member of his talented Staff; their personality is hidden by the impenetrable gloom which surrounds the pillar of fame.—TOM STEPHENS (Hull).—Oh, yes, by all means do so, there is still room in the collection for relics of an interesting description.—H. JACKSON.—We agree with you, the "Half-Holiday" takes the biscuit; it's such excellent Reading.—LAURA.—All in good time, my dear; all in good time.—UNIT.—Our artistic staff is complete, thank you.—F.S.S.—Send in the advertisement again, then, and Tootsie will do her best for you.—JEM.—Yes; about two thousand years ago.—H. BOND.—You had better compete in our Prize Competitions, that is your only way to obtain the coveted Award of Merit.—LEO.—Thanks for good wishes; we will do our utmost to oblige you, but you understand the difficulty we labour under.—BETTY FEATHERSTONE.—We cannot answer such questions; consult a solicitor.—CHARLES BLAKE (Manchester).—The lady is not known in London. Write to a theatrical agent and he will doubtless give you the information you are in want of.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

The Largest Circulation of any Illustrated Paper in Great Britain.

Forwarded to any Part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:

3 Months, 1s. 6d.; 6 Months, 3s. 3d.; 12 Months, 6s. 6d.

In Stamps or P.O.O.s payable to GILBERT DALZIEL, "THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PARIS.

On sale at all Kiosques and Booksellers, at 20 centimes, or by special arrangement at our

PARIS AGENCY, 22 RUE DE LA BANQUE.

—£1:1:0—

And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for the Best Poem of 24 Lines, entitled,

THE FAMILY'S VALENTINE.

Competitors should note that every member of the Sloper Family must be mentioned. Please address—

"SAINT V-ALLY-TINE,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * The List will close SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1890.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

O'FLAHERTY grew pathetic the other evening at the Discussion Forum, and informed his hearers that "At this moment thousands of me poor downthrodren couthrymen, who habitually live on potatoes, are entirely destitute of the only food they possess."

[Thunders of applause.]

"MARRY, indeed!" ejaculated a fairy behind the scenes. "I wouldn't marry the best man in the world." "No, my dear, I expect not," said another sylph; "he would most probably know better."

"Ah, what wonderful changes have occurred in the last century!" said old Sharpshins. "Why, look at ladies' clothing, for instance! It is ten times as cheap as it was a hundred years ago." "Yes, dad," said his eldest son, "but they have ten times as many dresses now, so it's as broad as it's long."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 303.—The "St. Valentine" Costume.



MODERN MANNERS.

Mr. Your programme filled, and not one waltz for me, Edith?
She. Of course not. Fancy waltzing with one's husband!



Scout Party (to Perkins). How do, Perkins?
Perkins. Awfully bad! Doctor says I'm losing flesh rapidly. And you?
S.P. Awfully bad! Doctor says I'm making flesh much too fast.



Edith. I wonder if one of those valentines will be for me, Rose?
Rose. I should think not, dear. He has the one I sent him last year for that purpose.



What all ladies should do on the 14th.—Send valentines to the Eminent, giving their names and inclosing photos, and the Eminent will have great pleasure in imprinting a kiss on the lips of the latter, providing the originals are guaranteed to be young and pretty.



Stage Manager of T.R. Slocum Podger (to prompter). Much of a house, Jen? Jen. Pretty fair—one in the pit, and one in the Gallery.
S.M. Good! Ring up!

"The person I most sympathized with in the Barnum Show," said the Great and Only Eminent, "was that poor creature without any arms." Then McGooseley grew all of a sudden most dreadfully thoughtful like. "Why, ALLY, any more than the bloke without any legs?" The teardrop stood in the Old Man's eye as he mildly murmured, "To think of being so dreadfully afflicted that you could never have the pleasure of raising a toothful of 'Unsweetened' to your bloomin' lips!" And half a ton weight of sympathetic tears swept the sawdust off the floor of the "Blue Pig" into the gutter.

WHEN I was young and on the spree,
A milliner possessed my heart;
I told her she was dear to me,
And then, alas! we had to part.

Since then much dearer she has grown,
Though I've ceased to write her sonnets;
For my bachelor days are flown,
And she makes the wife's new bonnets.

"Look here, you, sir," said an indignant company promoter to editor of financial paper, "you have been writing falsehoods respecting me and my antecedents." "My dear fellow," observed the editor, "you should be most grateful to think that I have done so. Where would you be if I had written the truth concerning you?"

Elder Minister (interfering in a school quarrel). Tut, tut, tut! What is all this about, children? You should not fight and quarrel in this dreadful way, more like young savages than anything else.

Ringleader of Conquering School. They wanted to go over the bridge first, sir, and we wouldn't let them.

Elderly Minister. And have you been fighting over such a trifle as that? You should have cast lots.

Ringleader (eagerly). We did, sir. We cast lots of stones, and that's what licked them, for they couldn't get any their side the road.

POOR dear Tootsie says she's just had about enough of it, and to spare. When that abominable boy Alexandry goes and takes out four of her stay bunks and sticks 'em up in the back garden to have a game at single wicket with her last new powder-puff, and what with Pa pawning her only pair of blue silks to pay off his score at the "Sloper Arms," and to buy a new winter bathing dress for the barmaid, oh, it's really too dreadful, that it is!

Brown. Well, anyhow, Mr. Grumbleton, you might be a little more polite: civility costs nothing, you know.

Grumbleton. Oh, don't it! A civil action once cost me £500 after the costs were taxed and all. Don't you tell me.

ONE of the very neatest of late inventions is the patent air expanding dress-improver. By the aid of a tube concealed in the costume of the fair one, she can, by applying the mouthpiece to her lovely lips, regulate the exact curvature of either the *embonpoint* or the fashionable line of beauty. When at sea the expanders may be used as life-preservers, and they are specially adapted for breaking the fall of the unskilful skater.

SOMEBODY said, in accents mild,
Spare the rod and spile the child,
Whether boy or whether maid,
Give 'em a handful, sir, he said.

THE other morning a man called to see ALLY. "Mr. SLOPER ain't in," observed Mrs. S.; "but if you leave your bill it shall be attended to." "I haven't got any bill," replied the man. "In fact I've come to pay the gov'nor a small account I owe him." Mrs. Sloper reeled against the doorpost, and when she recovered sufficiently, exclaimed, "You must have made a mistake in the house, sir! This is Mr. SLOPER'S; the rate collector lives over the other side of the street."

"So the robbers pulled out their revolvers, and we commenced firing at one another, and for the next ten minutes I can assure you matters were pretty lively," observed a traveller, relating an anecdote of adventures abroad. "Indeed!" exclaimed Robinson; "I should have thought they would have been deadly."

UNCLE BOFFIN and Aunt Higgins have lately taken to whiling away the long evenings by playing cribbage, and the other evening Uncle Boffin suggested that to add a little interest to the game they should play for a penny a time. "No, thank you, Mr. Boffin," replied Aunt Higgins, firmly, "not for me. Even now, when you happen to lose I get the cards at my head and the air grows blue with blasphemy; so I don't know what would happen if we played for money. No, thank you."

"I SAY, Brown," said Snyder, "suppose we go shares in a chaff cutting machine." "No, dear boy," replied Brown. "Thanks. I think not. My share in the machine would be paying for it. Yours would be using it, and coming upon me for damages when you cut your fingers off. Not for me, thanks."

Case of Assault and Battery. Wife v. Husband.
Magistrate (to Witness). Did you see the commencement of all this trouble?

Witness. Yes, yer honour, I was best man.

THE party who gave his wife the largest half of the spring chicken last summer laid down, the other day, in a bed of nettles, as he had been assured they did not sting this month.

Now, then, young man, please stop that noise,
Leave off punishing that fiddle;
Don't talk about musicians' joys,
For I'm sick of all that diddle.

What's that? This time I've been deceived,
It was a cat that cried like that;
Upon my word, I'm really grieved—
I'll go beg pardon of the cat.

"SUCH a lark!" said Bladder pater, at breakfast, on St. Valentine's Day; "I sent old Bumbleby a valentine—a comic one, quite harmless, you know—just a portrait of a very fat man with a red nose and a gouty toe—just like Bumbleby. After all, Valentine's Day brings a lot of innocent fun." Just then there was a "Rat-tat!" and the Twiglet, having rushed to the letter-box, handed the author of his being a letter. This was found to contain a portrait, "all ighly coloured," of a baldheaded gentleman holding a lamp-post, and the pater commenced, "What the—how the—who the— That scoundrel Bumbleby has sent this. If there's law to be had in this country I'll have an action. I'll break every bone in his common garden body," etc., etc., etc.

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is an oil painting by E. F. BREWYNALL, measuring 57 in. x 37 in., in a massive gold frame, and entitled,

"THE OUTLAWS."

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement inclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant, any time before March 31st.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * This Picture is on View every Friday afternoon between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.

TOOTSIE AT COVENT GARDEN AND THE GARRICK.

THERE have been many tame lions on show. Two hundred and thirty-six years ago, Evelyn, a great lover of strange sights, went to Bartholomew Fair, and said he, "I saw a tame lion play familiarly with a lamb. He was a huge beast, and I thrust my hand into his mouth, and found his tongue rough, like a cat's."



A lionine equestrian.

He was a venturesome sort of party it seems to me; and, as a rule, strangers do well to refrain from putting their hands or heads into lions' mouths, however tame they may be. At Covent Garden Theatre just now they have a very remarkable lion, who rides on horseback; and whatever you do, dears, don't miss seeing him, not only on the picture poster, but in the flesh.

The Covent Garden lion does not strike me as the very tamest out, for, undoubtedly, he has a little temper of his own, which, when he doesn't feel inclined to do his little tricks, he sometimes shows. Not that fond mamma need fear for the safety of their darlings. He has as yet eaten no babies, nor even tried to worry Herr Hagenberg, who possibly may be too tough for his little gums. As an equestrian, he, it in truth must be owned, does not equal George Palmer. But one oftener sees a man than a lion on horseback; so, as I said before, don't miss the sight, and the final gallop and hurdle race between the Monarch and the dawg and the little dun coloured steed.

Besides the King of Beasts, there is on show a learned "peeg." Don't miss the learned one, introduced by our old friend Gou-Gou. It was the Dook Snook tells me, Bisset who first (in 1783) appeared in Dublin with the first learned pig on record. In 1817, the learned pig Toby caused a furore, and was followed by no end of other Tobies as learned; and in 1825 appeared in rivalry "The Univalued Chinese Swinish Philosopher Toby, the Real learned Pig," and "The Amazing Pig of Knowledge." These facts may or may not be interesting, but, without knowing anything of other pigs, Gou-Gou's can be strongly recommended as a "peeg" of parts; and, by the way, so can Whimsical Walker's singing donkey.

To pass to more picturesque performers, I may say the pretty word about the fairest and most symmetrical of Jessicas, the champion wire walker, and the Horizontal Hoffman Sisters, whom it is a joy to gaze upon. Jessica and the Hoffmans are great features. George Palmer, whom I fancy I mentioned before, comes out tremendously strong as the courier of St. Petersburg. 'Then there is Signor Permanie who rejoices in the possession of a remarkably clever and well-trained bear, which amused me much by his tricks. There is Sylvester, too, who does the Newmarket Jockey act with great spirit, and is loudly applauded.

In the matter of clowns, Covent Garden this year may be said to be full up, for they are thirty in number. My experience of pantomime clowns this year has not been in all cases without moments of deep depression, but, somehow, circus clowns manage to reach the surface with a bit more fun about them, perhaps because they are not bottled up till such a late hour. Anyhow, some of the Covent Garden clowns this journey made me laugh much—indeed, I may say scream.

Home is still a dreary blank, and Poor Pa's conduct continually attracts the attention of the juvenile population, and I am fain to seek recreation elsewhere. Having seen the circus one evening, therefore I went to the Garrick the next to see Mrs. Bernard Beere as *La Tosca*. The last weeks of *La Tosca* are advertised, so for goodness sake, dears, don't miss it. It's a play among thousands, although when first produced at the Porte St. Martin in November, 1887, the cleverest of the clever Parisian critics swore it was no better than a pantomime rally. And it is beautifully acted by Mrs. Bernard Beere and J. Forbes Robertson in the principal parts, ably assisted by Rose Leclercq, Lewis Wal-



Signor Permanie and his bear.

Mr. Sidney Brough, Herbert Waring, and Bessie Hatton. Mrs. Bernard Beere never has had such an opportunity of showing the talents she possesses, and she does show to advantage, you bet.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK To Purchasers of ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:— THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," February 15th, 1890.

Name.....
Address.....
Age.....
Occupation, if any.....
How many times applied.....
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The List for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, February 19th, 1890. The Result of the Competition of February 18th, 1890, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for February 22nd, 1890.

184th WEEK. RESULT OF FEBRUARY 1st COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

"SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. JAMES F. FLOWS, Fruiterer, etc., 39 South Audley Street, Grosvenor Square. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—5 years, 36 weeks. LONDON.
2. E. E. OSBORN, Nurse, 5 Glenarm Road, Lower Clapton. Age, 45 years. Subscriber—4 years, 11 months, 1 week. LONDON.
3. EDWARD TISSINGTON, Labourer, 31 Bygrove Street, Poplar. Age, 44 years. Subscriber—5 years, 24 weeks. LONDON.
4. EDWIN WILSON, Clerk, 76 Lapse Street, Leeds Road. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—5 years, 5 weeks. BRADFORD.
5. JOHN WILLIAM THOMAS, Foreman, Barry Dock Co., 25 Cranbrook Street, Catfys. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—5 years, 31 weeks. CARDIFF.
6. JOHN F. BLADON, Publican, "Carpenter's Arms Inn," Harlington. Age, 38 years. Subscriber—5 years, 3 weeks. DUNSTABLE.
7. WILLIAM MCCALLUM, Riveter, 30 Lyndoch Street. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. GREENOCK.
8. J. T. BELL, care of Mrs. Driver, Carpenter, 47 Commercial Road. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. IPSWICH.
9. WILLIAM HALL, Blacksmith, 44 Lord Street. Age, 53 years. Subscriber—4 years, 31 weeks. JARROW-ON-TYNE.
10. ELEANOR JANE BASS, Dressmaker, 2 Hanover Place, Richmond Road. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—since commencement. KEW.
11. ERNEST COULSON, Shorthand Writer, Scapwick. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—4 years, 8 months. Near LINCOLN.
12. ALBERT BEECHING, Post Office Clerk, Post Office, Tovil. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. MAIDSTONE.
13. ROBERT J. JOHNSON, Wholesale Druggist, Bank Road. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—over 5 years. MATLOCK BANK.
14. H. FULLARTON, Printer, Ashfordby Road. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—5 years. MELTON MOWBRAY.
15. ANNIE FREEMAN, Handbell Ringer, 124 Commercial Road. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—since commencement. NEWPORT (Mon.).
16. F. CHAS. STORER, 25 Prince of Wales' Terrace, South Cliff. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—4 years, 26 weeks. SCARBOROUGH.
17. MARIE ROMERO, Book Keeper, 14 Warwick Road. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—since commencement. TUNBRIDGE WELLS.
18. FRANK TOFT, Chemist, 33 Froggall Lane. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—4 years, 41 weeks. WARRINGTON.
19. ROBERT TURNER, Grocer, Station Town. Age, 30 years. Subscriber—4 years, 24 weeks. WINGATE, R.S.O.
20. WALTER PALMER, Bootmaker, 24 Hope Street. Age, 37 years. Subscriber—5 years, 6 months. WREXHAM.

SLOPER'S SOCIAL SONNETS.

NO. 69.—THE ERRAND BOY.

A BOY am I, and such a boy should I,
Sir, like to be before I die;
I read of murders in the papers. Oh!
How I should like to murder someone,
Don'tcherknow!

When I have my mid-day meal
Of saveloy or pie of veal,
Down in the vaults below I steal;
And, when I'm there, I read, I read
Of boys who've done some awful deed—
Some deed most horrid and unlawful
I've read of in some "Penny Awful."

A pirate I should love to be,
A sailin' on the salt, salt sea,
A cutlass dangling by my knee—
Oh, how nice to shoot some bloke—
To pistol him, or else to choke!
The things I read I'd like to do—
Them "Awfuls" knows a thing or two.

A highwayman I'd like to be—
A "Sheppard," "Blueskin," don't yer see.
Oh, what a jolly, jolly spree!
It seems to me most orful hard
I ain't an orful sort of card.
On the "Heath" I long to rove—
I should so like to shoot a cove.

To "burgle," too, is dreadful nice—
To go about as still as mice
And cop some beggar in a trice;
With a "jem" to knock him down,
To hit him on his blessed crown.
I should so love a Peace to be,
And kill a man or two, you see!

The "Penny Awfuls" oft I read,
I do so long to do a deed.

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

NURSE.

THE patient in the next bed had gone off the rails, mentally speaking. "He was an aggravator, if ever there was one," the nurse said; but a private sense of injury did not prevent her from tucking him up tenderly enough. Then it was Hurley's turn.

Hurley wasn't half a bad looking fellow, seen under ordinary conditions; but just now he was not at his best. To begin with, she had cropped off all his hair as close as a convict's, being a business like little woman, as well as a pretty one, and accustomed to do her work very thoroughly. She bent her head kindly enough over Hurley as she tucked his clean cloth under his chin and gave him a basin of sago.



She bent kindly over Hurley.

Hurley cast one pleading glance upwards. They were bright and brown and pleading eyes that met his own.

"Come now, do," said the little nurse. Hurley lowered his head, shut his eyes, and grasped the spoon. Ugh! But the thing was done.

By-and-by they drifted into conversation. She told him how he had been brought in, "one mask of mud," after the accident. "The accident!" Yes; when the drunken omnibus driver whipped up his miserable panting jades and the hansom cab driver tried to cut in between, and the shabby young man who was carrying a parcel got run over.

"But you'll be able to go out in another week," said the little nurse, cheerily, "if it's only on crutches."

"On crutches!" Hurley gasped. "Bless you, you'll soon get used to 'em," said she.

Some days later Hurley was well enough to get up; then he found—oh, horror!—his coat was lost.

"We'll find you a coat," said Nurse. "It mayn't be very stylish, but it'll do. And the gentleman it belonged to is in the mortuary, waiting to be taken away. But nobody will take him away, bless you. He hadn't a friend in the wide world, he told me. 'It is a bit shabby,' said Nurse, 'but you'll soon earn a new one.'"

She came down to the gates to bid him good-bye. It cheered him a bit to look back and see the smiling, round face and the little white cap nodding. She had pressed his hand as she told him to go and earn a new coat. And left a brand-new half sovereign in it. Bless her!

It isn't very easy for a house-painter on crutches to get work. There came a day when the old coat, shabby as it was, must go to the pawnshop. Would it fetch anything? The black had worn to a ghastly green, and the yellow metal of the buttons showed through the frayed coverings. One hung by a string. That must be sewn on; and to sew it on more properly, Hurley cut it off first. GREAT SCOTT! Great Scott!! The button wasn't a button, it was a sovereign—a golden sovereign, covered with greasy cloth. All the buttons were sovereigns, covered with greasy cloth. The owner of that coat must have been a miser.

Nothing more in it; no crackling paper in the lining; nothing weighty in the tails. Hurley did not grumble. Fourteen pounds! He put the buttonless old coat on and walked out of the cheap lodging house—a millionaire.

"A visitor for Nurse Annie."

Nurse Annie hardly knew him, the tall young man in the well cut clothes. So hearty, so honest, so straight and strong.

"And are you still an artist, sir?" She called him "sir" in her new born confusion.

"No. That is, I'm a house painter and decorator. I've got a little business down Lambeth way, and I'm proud to say, it's doing well. We have a speciality in ceilings, and our high art front doors are much appreciated."

"Ah, you were always fond of your fun!" said Nurse Annie.

"I've been fond of you for a long time," said Hurley. "I've repainted and decorated myself externally and internally, as well as other people's houses. Give me a chance—Annie." And she did.



"Give me a chance—Annie."



"And, dearest, if you want to create a sensation at a fancy dress ball, choose the latest French bathing costume. I did so, and now I have numerous dukes' sons, earls, and German princes to choose a husband from."—Extract from letter of young lady.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 117.—MISS AGNES LYNDON.

"I long to press her to my heart, and tell my tale of love."

—The Duke Snook.

"Her eye's dark charm were vain to tell."

—Lord Bob.

"Thus armed with beauty she can check Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze shrinks from the charms it meant to praise."

—The Hon. Billy.

SLOPER'S SECRET CAMERA.



No. 34.—Photograph of a Girl on the Watch. Taken by SLOPER's instantaneous process.

VALENTINE OR ORSON.



"Now, tell me, am I not your Valentine, Miss Nancy?"
"Well, hardly, Mr. Samuel. I fancy you move like Horseun."

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—FRED LESLIE, Esq.



(1). As far as A. SLOPER could make out without his watch, which was undergoing its annual repair, it was just 4 A.M. when Mrs. S. said, "Get up, SLOPER, there's the sweep. Partially garbed, A. SLOPER ran down and let him in. "Thought I wouldn't trouble you to come to me, dear boy, so here I am!" "Why, who the—?" "Fred Leslie, at your service; permit me." Takes candlestick from A. SLOPER, which flies up and disappears in the ceiling. Total darkness. Mr. Leslie blows prompter's whistle and calls, "Turn on the amber light!" A brilliant glow envelopes them. (2). Discovering Mr. Leslie in picturesque attire with flowing locks, causing A. SLOPER to stroke his own hairless scalp, and sigh with envy. This is not lost on Mr. Leslie. "Don't wish you to appear at a disadvantage, SLOPER, old chap!" Transplants the flowing locks from his own brow to that of the Mouldy One. "This is kind, Mr. Leslie; I have long desired an artificial covering, but there are so many ways for money—a father of a large family, including twins—" "Father of twins, *pa de two!* Then nothing remains but this." (3). Appears in ballet costume. "Now, one, two, three, and off we go!" And they execute a vigorous *pas de deux*, at its conclusion. "Now, Mr. Leslie, we'll come to the interview." (4). "Oh, yes" (takes off top of his head): "you'll find all I was going to say there; look over it at your leisure." (5). Then the door bursts open, disclosing Miss Farren. "Now, Fred (orchestra commenced)—Ah, ALLY, how are you?" In truth, 'twas 8.30 P.M.; time had, indeed, flown swiftly with ALLY in such good company.

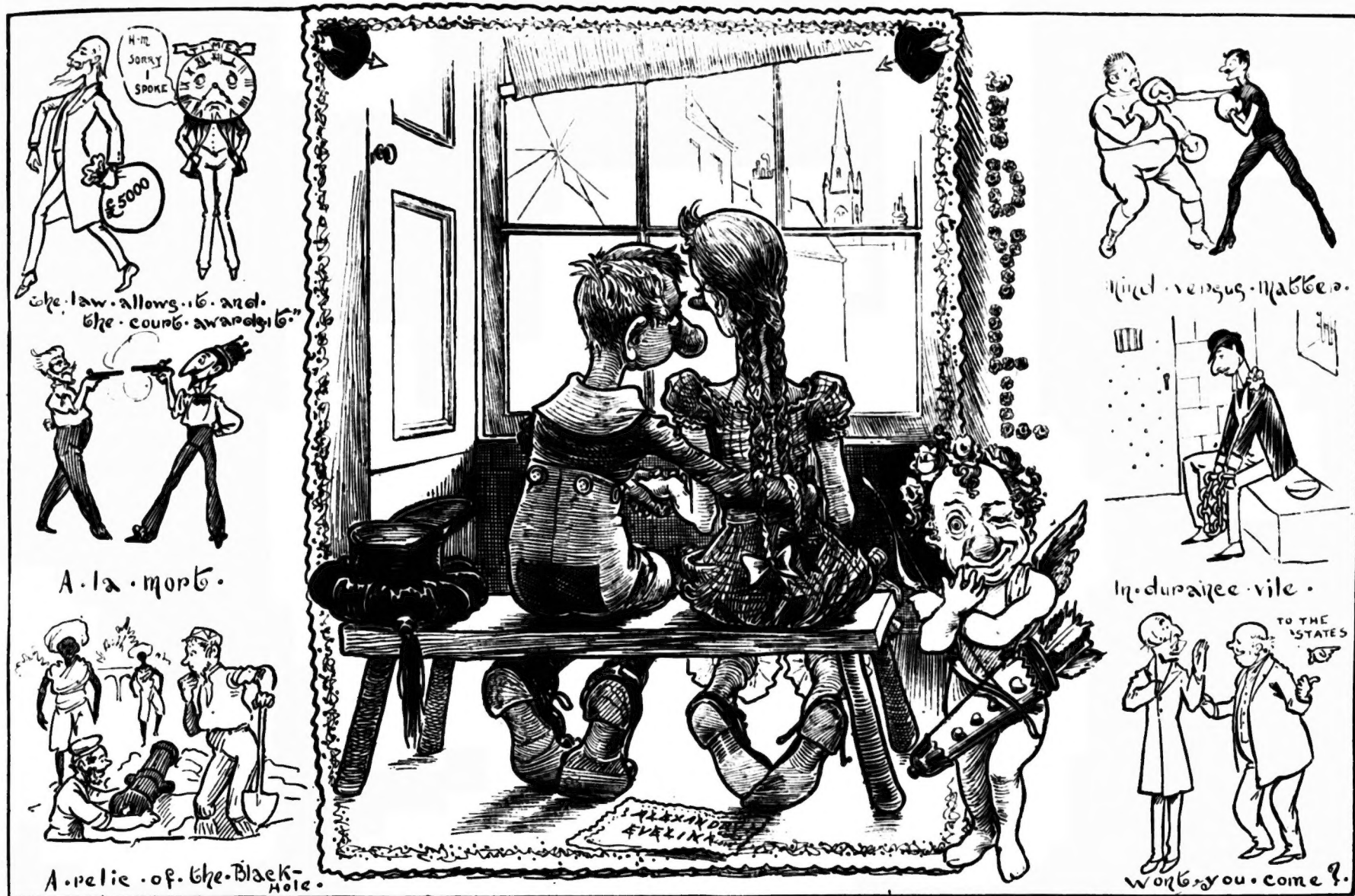
A GRASSHOPPER'S FROLIC.



1. "George," said the Elder, as he was showing his friend around, "you see coming towards us a specimen of the human fungus or common Scotch grasshopper."

2. "Tak' that," said the "grasshopper" (i.e., the Laird), "and see how a mushroom head digests, ducky."

3. And continued, "A'll tear the legs off ye, ye de'il, and turn ye into a one-eyed tadpole." [It is thought by us (with grief) that the Laird drinks also.—Ed. "A. S. H.-H."]



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

A merry Valentine's Day to you all, friends! I really do not see the reason why the word *merry* should not be used in connection with Valentine as well as Christmas. So I again repeat, A merry Valentine's Day to all. So now forward:—Five thousand pounds! Times looked dismayed, And wished their "trumps" (?) they'd never played:—Two froggies bold, wishing for fame, Enacted well the usual game:—This rusty cannon, small in size, All Englishmen will surely prize:—A Valentine now here behold, This new design beats all the old:—'Tis said that mind will rule the world, And brute force to the ground be hurled:—The poor old Juggings now can tell, The history of a prison cell:—The good old humbug, if he can, Will try to sneak our Grand Old Man.—What do you think of my central design—rather novel, is it not? Next year it is likely to be the rage in valentines; in the meantime, love tokens from ladies will be gratefully received by—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



ALLY-CAMPANE.

We all like a pretty girl. At least there are not many of us who would refuse the offer of a kiss from a pair of cherry lips.



ALLY SLOPER is no exception to the rule, and always has, and always will love the feminine sex. His time is at present occupied in making the new barnmaid at the "Sloper Arms." A charming girl, by the way, and of course a valentine was expected from him. A SLOPER, never behindhand in generosity, was to the fore with a love token quite dazzling in its gorgeous beauty. Unfortunately for him, the servant girl from whom he had seduced it while on her way to the post, incautiously related the whole particulars to her master, and while in the act of presenting his box of beauty to his adorable Julia (barnmaid's name) he was suddenly attacked in the rear by a pair of strong heavy tens. SLOPER is now no longer seen in the bar of the "Sloper Arms."

THIS £500 Competition is all very well in its way, but when we realize the fact that the upstairs offices of "The Sloperies" are in about the same condition that the General Post Office is on Valentine's morning, we one and all, from the head cashier to the junior office boy, gasp for breath. It's just a question whether Stanley, in his recent explorations, ever once experienced the difficulties that A. SLOPER has met with in this colossal undertaking. Poor old chap! he is beset with questions he can never answer, propositions he can never entertain, and complaints not worth listening to. Do please be patient, the £500 will be given to one of you, and the £50 Consolation Prize to someone else, directly we can settle the matter. One word more: if there has been any delay in forwarding back numbers, that delay was unavoidable, the applications were so numerous. But no one has suffered by it, for until all orders were executed, not a single competitor's letter was tackled. "We are now fairly on the job, guv'nor!" exclaimed Alexandry to his Mildewed Parent, as his son and heir brought up the last sack of letters from St. Martin's-le-Grand.

A YOUNG woman made a sensation the other day in Bridgeport, Conn. She is a beautiful brunette, and had been vain of her handsome, glossy black tresses. Recently, having read that Patti had bleached her hair, she concluded that a young lady must have straw-coloured hair in order to have a chance of wedding a millionaire. The Bridgeport girl decided to drift toward bleached hair by easy tacks; she would start for auburn first. So she bought a drug store preparation that was warranted to turn the hair any hue desired "or money refunded," and applied it. She put the stuff on just before going to bed, and next morning awoke, horrified to find a head of hair that was of deep and glistening purple, like the colour on a peacock's dorsal plumage.

ALLY's got a new idea for helping the poor, which he's going to start directly he can close his "Christmas Appeal," which he cannot do until the amount reaches £250. The object of the Eminent's life at the moment is that £250—"It's the happle of 'is heye," as Aunt Geeser says—and he positively declines to disclose his new scheme until you have got the Appeal up to £250, so it's no use your bothering. So as to push matters forward, anyone contributing five shillings, or more, to the "Christmas Appeal," will receive a photograph, cabinet size, of the Philandering Philanthropist, A. SLOPER, Esq., M.F.K.O.M.I.E.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS' Art Students and Amateur Competitive Prize Exhibition, held at the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly, is undoubtedly excellent, there being more than 2,600 exhibits, some being, in execution, far above the average. The Exhibition closes about the end of this month, so lovers of art will do well to pay it an early visit. By-the-by, a word of praise must be given to W. T. Blackmore, the energetic Secretary. To him is due the success of the Exhibition.

It seems rather curious to talk of a Midsummer's night dream while we are still grovelling in the arms of midwinter, but, strange as it may appear, the fact remains that a Midsummer's night dream can not only be heard, but witnessed, on several nights in the week at the cosy little Globe Theatre in Newcastle Street. Shakespeare's wild comedy has been mounted by a master hand, dresses and scenery being superb. For the performers we cannot say as much; but at least they enter into their parts with an energy which almost hides their lack of dramatic power. F. R. Benson and his better half, and Kate Rorke are exceptions, the latter being of course charming, as usual, and the former pair giving fair promise of becoming successful artists in the future.



son and his better half, and Kate Rorke are exceptions, the latter being of course charming, as usual, and the former pair giving fair promise of becoming successful artists in the future.

IN nearly all the examinations which have been thrown open to women they have competed successfully with men; but this is not the case with regard to law.

However, at the last intermediate LL.B. examination for honours, one lady, Reina Emily Lawrence, a young lady noted for her good looks and geniality of manners, succeeded in beating some of the male aspirants for the Woolsack, although she has only obtained the seventh place at the examination and the first place in the third class. The only other lady who ever succeeded in obtaining honours in law at the University of London was Miss Eliza Orme. This lady obtained second class honours in jurisprudence and Roman law at the intermediate LL.B. examination in January, 1880, and the fourth place in the list. Even Miss Orme, who may be considered an exceptionally able candidate, did not succeed in obtaining her degree until eight years afterwards.

THE Benefit of Mr. Joe Craston and Comical Auguste took place at Sanger's Grand Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge Road, on Tuesday evening, February 4th, and as no benefit can possibly accrue to anyone from a benefit, unless The Ruin is present, the necessary arrangements were made for the accommodation of ALLY and the Family. The house was crammed, and it is said that gold galore was carried away by the fortunate Beneficiaries as their share of the entertainment. ALLY's share was an awful bad head on him the next morning. He says he was always taught, when young, to "share and share alike," but in this case there was a slight deviation from that beautiful principle. Miss Helen Capet, as Lady Godiva, completely mashed ALLY; and, much to the annoyance of Mrs. S., he has been singing ever since—

"For 'tis no flaunting wanton with unabashed crest,
But only a woman in innocence dressed."

to music specially composed by His Grace the Dook Snook, K.G.

BUFFALO BILL and his Wild West Show are astonishing the Neapolitans, who think all the Indians are women.

IN all probability, the present session of Parliament will be extremely lively, the members—Irish Party in particular—having come back to London like lions refreshed. One of the principal measures for the coming session will be a bill insisting that all public-houses throughout the United Kingdom shall be free to all men, German princes excepted. The measure will be introduced by A. SLOPER, who, fortunately, when framing the bill, was enabled to secure the services of Mr. McGooseley. These pair of worthies having lately shown a teetotal tendency a just, fair, and perfectly satisfactory bill may be expected.

"AND the stormy winds do blow!" exclaimed A. SLOPER, as he was hurried, with a due amount of ceremony, of course, by Mr. Claremont into a private box at the Marylebone Theatre on the last evening in January. The haste on the genial manager's part was in consequence of the Eminent having delayed the opening of the pantomime of *Aladdin* by not turning up to time—a most ungentlemanly act, when you take into consideration the fact that this had been announced as "A. SLOPER Night." The Eminent had been delayed at the annual meeting of the Rumfozlers' Society at the "Sloper Arms," and after apologies-cum-hiccups had been given all round, the curtain went up on the first scene of this most admirable pantomime. Judging by the chock-full appearance of the house, the Maryleboners think as highly of the production as A. SLOPER does. "By George," exclaimed Uncle Boffin, amazed at the mechanism displayed in the Flying Palace Scene.

MRS. GENERAL TOM THUMB, now known—for she has taken to herself a second husband—as Mrs. Tom Thumb-Magri, is reported in the land of her birth as alive and kicking, and still engaging enough to be described as "that fascinating atom of humanity." Mr. Magri, otherwise the Count, is also a dwarf. Rich and happy, the tiny couple are said to spend their days in flitting between Boston, New York, etc.

A YOUNG lady has promised to give a ball in New York which is to cost 50,000 dollars, or more than £10,000. What is her little game, eh? Does she, too, like several other American ladies, want to marry a British Duke? Or perhaps she has her eyes upon some poor forlorn German Prince. And is this the way she wants to advertise herself? She may think it is a grand thing to do. Opinions differ. We think it disgraceful, seeing the number of starving poor in her country.

A CAPITAL Cinderella dance was given at the Freemasons' Hall on Wednesday, the 5th inst., by the members of the London Social Cycling Club, and a very enjoyable evening was spent by all present. A. SLOPER graciously patronized the gathering with his presence, and was exceedingly pleased to note that his young cycling friends were excellent judges of feminine beauty—at least, that is what he surmised from seeing the quantity of loveliness flitting round the room.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 22ND, 1890.

16th February, 1828.—"An officer in our Customs' department," says a Galway paper of this date, "long famous for pets of almost every description, has now in his possession an extraordinary one indeed—it is no less than a pet oyster, taken off the Mayor's bed, the property of the Corporation, and of the largest and finest *Poll Doody* breed: being fed on oatmeal, for which it regularly opens its shell, and being occasionally treated with a dip in its native element, it seems to enjoy a place in the curious menagerie, almost as well as its neighbours. But the more extraordinary trait in the history of this amphibious pet is, that it has proved itself an excellent mouser, having, as we are informed, already destroyed five mice, by instantly crushing the heads of such as, tempted by the odoriferous meal, had the temerity to intrude their noses within his bivalvular clutches. Twice have two of the little marauders suffered together."

16th February, 1863.—George Genge, vocalist, died this day, aged forty-two.

16th February, 1835.—William Creswick made his first London appearance this day as "Horace Meredith," in *Schoolfellows*.

17th February, 1857.—Jem Mace this day fought Bill Thorpe, on Canvey Island. Mace was the victor, proving himself to be one of the finest boxers ever seen by any one present. "From the first to the last he had the battle entirely in his hands, Thorpe never having the remotest chance of winning, for he was out-fought and out-manœuvred every round, though he was certainly a game and determined fellow."

17th February, 1828.—This day the fat ox (*bœuf gras*), which figured in the Carnival procession at Paris, weighed 2,700 lbs., and was five feet nine inches in height. It was sent, along with eleven others, of nearly the same size and weight, from Caen, in Normandy.

17th February, 1856.—John Braham, the famous vocalist, died this day, aged seventy-nine.

17th February, 1868.—Daniel E. Bandmann made his first London appearance this day as "Narcisse," in the play so named.

18th February, 1890.—Shrove Tuesday.—Football is a game once universally played on Shrove Tuesday, and when Sir Edward Baynton, at Bromeham, Wiltshire, invited James I. to witness a foot match of his parishioners, the parish challenged all England for music, football, and ringing. The Danes, in one of their predatory incursions, were defeated at Kingston, and the Danish general being slain, his head was cut off, and kicked about the market place in triumph. This happened on a Shrove Tuesday, and hence the origin of football on that day.

18th February, 1844.—Charles Cole, a second David Lambert, and a well known character, was buried this day at St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street. He had been cook at the "Rainbow Tavern" nearly fourteen years, was 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and of extraordinary bulk, weighing nearly 24 stone.

18th February, 1853.—Joseph Libeny, a Hungarian, this day attempted to assassinate the Emperor of Austria on the ramparts of Vienna, by stabbing him in the neck. He was immediately seized, tried, and executed.

19th February, 1828.—A party of eighteen persons met this day to shoot rabbits, and went for this purpose to a wood near Aylesbury. Becoming tired, and not a little thirsty, they repaired to a neighbouring public-house, and before they parted drank one hundred and forty-nine quarts of ale—or in the very moderate proportion of eight quarts and half a pint each!

19th February, 1826.—Charles Incledon, the famous vocalist, died this day, aged sixty-nine.

19th February, 1881.—Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, died this day, at Woodbridge, Suffolk.

20th February, 1828.—On this day died, at an obscure lodging in Lancaster Court, St. Martin's Church Yard, Charles Anthony Delpini, the author of several dramatic works, and, many years ago, the best Clown of his day at both the principal theatres; besides which he was stage manager at the Opera House. He was not only a caterer for the public amusements, but likewise for the diversions of his Majesty George IV.; when young, having got up for the Prince of Wales' entertainment that grand festival, or rather masquerade, at the Pantheon, called *La Fiera di Venezia*—the most superb thing of the kind ever exhibited in this country—the tickets of which were sold as high as three guineas each. This grand and magnificent fête was intended in celebration of the Prince's attaining the age of majority. Delpini, however, was considerably out of pocket on the winding up of the expenses. Delpini had a very strong and singular presentiment that he should not die till the year "Eight," which was exactly realized, for he died in the year 1828, at the age of 88. He was born in the parish of St. Martin, at Rome, and drew his last breath in the parish of St. Martin—nay, in St. Martin's Church Yard, London.

21st February, 1828.—This day, at Plymouth, as some persons were searching among the rocks at the back of Baker's Place, Richmond Walk, for two escaped convicts they discovered the mangled remains of a man lying at the foot of a tremendous cliff, in the old Gunwharf Field. The deceased, William Kittwell, it is supposed in the darkness walked into the dreadful abyss, the path running within a few feet of the precipice, which, at the spot where he fell, was nearly one hundred feet perpendicular, and not even protected by a rail.

21st February, 1866.—Charles Pitt, tragedian and manager, died this day, aged forty-seven.

21st February, 1828.—A most horrible occurrence took place in the neighbourhood of Clones this night. A person of the name of Burke was interred in the churchyard of Drummonds, about four miles from Clones. Burke was an Orangeman, and his remains had been accompanied to the grave by the members of the lodge to which he belonged. The grave was found open, the coffin broken, and the body of the unfortunate man suspended by the neck from an adjoining tree. Burke was a person of excellent character, and much liked by his neighbours.

22nd February, 1840.—A north country paper of this date states that "a beautiful pig, of the short eared breed, belonging to C. Rawson, Esq., of Wasdale Hall, was slaughtered a few days ago at Woodhoe. This extraordinary animal, though only eleven months old, weighed thirty-two stones four pounds, and was the admiration of every person who beheld it. The sire of this pig belongs to Mr. Stephen Hartley, of Egremont, and the dam to Mr. Thomas Hartley, of the same place."

22nd February, 1848.—Messina was this day bombarded by the Neapolitan troops, and property estimated at £400,000 was destroyed.

22nd February, 1807.—Twenty-eight persons were killed this day at the Old Bailey, at the execution of Mr. Steele's murderers, Holloway and Haggerty.

22nd February, 1848.—Romeo Coates, the much ridiculed amateur actor, died this day, aged 76. Very possibly at the present time he would have made fame and money.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED A copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

AN ER-RAT-IC PROPOSITION.

Mr. Labouchere has been seriously (for him) proposing that rats should be adopted in England as food. He says they are delicious.



WHO said "Rats"? Why Mr. Labouchere; He deems us rats, who'll not take rats as fare! Baked, boiled, roast—how'er they may be cooked—He thinks by most as food they should be booked.

"H'm; not much!" no doubt, you all will cry; "If lively Labby likes them, let him eat 'em—but not I!"

But lest there should be some who for er-rat-ic food may crave, Mr. SLOPER begs to offer them the following little stave.

This is the Rat not killed by the Cat—

The Rat so fat, and frisky, that (According to Labby) is not too shabby To go on the carte by Cook built!

On rats 'tis rough; but if they come in vogue, 'Tis like enough householders will collague, And when some feast they would for guests prepare, They'll have at least "Rats à la Labouchere."

Therefore, they around the house must go And with big traps ensnare (perhaps) a score of rats or so. And when upon the festive board the rodents all appear, The guests should all arise and sing the stanza set forth here.

This is the Rat not killed by the Cat, etc., etc.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish what the Applicant is in want of, and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT.
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," February 15th, 1890.

Name.....

Address.....

Want.....

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

159th WEEK.

RESULT OF FEBRUARY 1st COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."
1. EDITH OSTLER, Hatcham House, 217 New Cross Road, LONDON.
A SILVER CHATELAINE.

2. ALEXANDER TOWERS, 1 Grove Cottages, Albert Road, RICHMOND (Surrey).
A CARPENTER'S BRACE AND BITS.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and not-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 21, dark, tall, musical, thoroughly domesticated, lady-like in appearance, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, with view to marriage. Please send me in strict confidence, to "DOCTOR," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



ISABEL (Aged 19).

A YOUNG MAN, tall, dark, good looking and affectionate, and in good position, would like to make the acquaintance of a nice looking, married young lady, with a view to matrimony. Address, with photo (to be returned), to "JACK," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

ANNE, aged 36, tall, dark, very domesticated and fond of home life, would like to correspond with a gentleman about the same age, dark and married. Those with honourable intentions may address "ANNE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

FRANK (dark), aged 24, and SYDNEY (fair), aged 25, would like to correspond with two young ladies, of amiable dispositions, with a view to matrimony. Both advertisers are in good positions and fond of home life. Address—"FRANK" or "SYDNEY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

LOUIE, good height, refined, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a gentleman between 30 and 35 years of age. He must be of good principles, fond of home, intentions strictly honourable. Moderate photo (which will be returned), with particulars, to "LOUIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* * It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his "AWARD OF MERIT." A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of "THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX" is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the "AWARD OF MERIT" itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

TERRY'S THEATRE, STRAND, W.C., January 25th, 1890.
MISS ANNIE IRISH, F.O.S., presents her compliments and best thanks to ALLY SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., for the "Award of Merit" he so kindly sent her on Thursday, January 23rd.

THE WILLOWS, BOURNE END, BUCKS., January 25th, 1890.
DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged for the "Award of Merit," which reached me last Tuesday, and I greatly appreciate the compliment. Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM F. READ, F.O.S.

10 CAVENDISH ROAD, REGENT'S PARK, N.W., January 27th, 1890.
Miss Genevieve Ward presents her compliments to Mr. ALLY SLOPER and begs to acknowledge receipt of his "Order of Merit," which she highly appreciates.

166 HIGH HOLBORN, January 28th, 1890.
DEAR SLOPER,—I have only just received the "Award of Merit," with which I am delighted. You don't know how anxiously I have been waiting since I saw the announcement in your dear old paper of the 18th that you intended to honour me with one. It shall have the best place on the wall of my academy, where I have quite a gallery of pretty girls, and I know you will be quite at home with them. Don't let Mrs. Sloper see this.

I am, your ever grateful,
J. D'AUBAN.

THE GLOBE THEATRE, LONDON, W.C., January 29th, 1890.
FRIENDLY Prophet of my youth, Imperial Protector and Patron of my declining years, it would require your own wondrous pen adequately to express my gratitude for the much coveted honour you have conferred upon me. I am pleased to think that our efforts in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* should find favour in the eyes of your Imperial Majesty; and I am the proudest of your humble subjects at having received such a magnificent mark of your approval as the genealogical historical splutter now hanging on my wall. *Crisis Sloperianus sum* will be my boast and defence against the conscientious County Councilmen, the persevering poor-rate collector, and the indefatigable dead-head. May the blots that ALLY SLOPER chooses to put on his escutcheon long be some of his chief adornments; may the shadow of his umbrella never grow less; may the size of his boots never grow more; and may this regal Friend of Man long continue to exercise his sovereign sway over Fame, Funniments and Friendliness. Your obedient subject,
FRANK R. BENSON.

1 ALEXANDRA COTTAGE, BARRACK ROAD, ALDERSHOT, January 30th, 1890.
DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for that magnificent work of art which you have so generously presented me, viz., the "Award of Merit" for my kindness to Snatcher. Wishing you every success, I remain, Yours respectfully,
GEO. DERRINGER, F.O.S.

"CLARENCE HOTEL," PONTYPRIDD, January 31st, 1890.
DEAR ALLY,—Many, many thanks for the honour you have conferred upon me in creating me F.O.S. I hope to continue to merit your favour. That the pantomime is a huge success I know you will be glad to hear. With best wishes for your continued prosperity, believe me, yours to a cinder,
WILL SMITHSON, F.O.S.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name:—

- | | |
|---|---|
| GEORGE ALEXANDER,
Because he's Alexander the Great. | TULLY LOUIS,
Because he's the National Pantaloon. |
| MARGARET AYRTOUN,
Because of her powers of burlesque. | ROBERT PATEMAN,
Because he's our leading villain. |
| DE CONE,
Because he's the World's Wizard. | COURTICE POUNDS,
Because it's a matter of Courtice-y. |
| AGNES DELAPORTE,
Because of her QUEENLY Dela-portment. | RODO LEO RAPOLI,
Because by his ladder he's mounted to fame. |
| BESSIE HATTON,
Because she's a talented little actress | MAY SELBY,
Because she is SLOPER's daintiness. |
| GEORGE LEWIS,
Because he's the Grimaldi No. 2. | W. R. WILLIS,
Because he's the Monarch of Mystery. |

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
February 15th, 1890.

* * Subscribers of not less than Five Shillings will receive (post-free) a Cabinet size Photograph of A. SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M., with the Eminent's autograph on the back.

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED IN LAST WEEK'S "HALF-HOLIDAY," £212 8s. 3d. SINCE RECEIVED:—

W. PERRY, 1d.; E. ROBERTS, 1d.; MORRIS, 1d.; MAYFLOWER, 1s.; C. H. B. (Southend), 1s.; J. W. SCOTT, 1s.; W. H. POWELL, 2s. 6d.; J. AND M., 1s.; GROOM'S WIFE, 2s. 6d.; G. H. LONGHURST AND OTHERS, 2s. 6d.; W. G. CHRISTMAS, 3s.; FRIEND (North Hyde), 6d.; T. H. B., 5s.; M. A. R., 2s. 6d.; C. A. S., 3d.; P. C. BUCHANAN, 1s.; T. R. (Salford), 4d.; WIDOW'S MITE, 1s.; SALVATORE OGNO, 6d.; JOHN HANDS, 5s.; REVEREND (Unskewered), 6d.; CHAS. SMITH (Primo Buffo), 1s. 3d.; HYACINTH, 2d.; TOTTIE'S DARLING, 6d.; W. PENTON, 2d.; JAS. HOWARD, 2d.; BERNARD, 4d.; BELLA, 2d.; WM. HAMMOND, 1s.; "VAGABOND ONE," 2s. 6d.; W. P., 4d.; ERNEST, 2d.; C. H. R., 1s.; F. O. RESKIN, 2d.; S. F. B., 1s.; BILLY P., 3d.; AGNES SKILTON, 1s.; W. MORRISON, 6d.; AGNES POWELL, 1s.

Making a total received up to February 4th, 1890—£214 11s. 6d.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

TOOTSIE, dear girl, enjoyed the concert very much until a young masher sang Edgar Allan Poe's "Haunted Palace." When he came to the exquisite lines,

"Travellers in that happy valley
Through the red-litten windows saw
Vast forms that move fantastic-Ally."

she went out and wept bitterly. "Even here, then," she sobbed, "they make fun of Poor Dear Papa."

THE VERY LATEST CHRISTMAS CLUB.—The Giant Gorgibusters.

A BEEN-FAEST.—A finished banquet.

WHEN every eye is fixed on Gus Harris' strong man, can the audience be said to be Abbs-ORBED?

"WHAT, religion in your theatres! Surely that's one of your vagaries, Sloper!"

"No; a fact, sir," murmured the Eminent. "We have at least two where they are nightly giving us Pettitt's—hymns."

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

HER: THE STORY OF AN EGYPTIAN BEAUTY.

BY STRIDER STAGGERED.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARDON.

IT was a terrible moment for Calipers. With the Chief's knife shimmering within three inches of his left eye, he felt just about the most unlikely candidate for a life insurance policy that ever breathed.



Something to stop up the pipe with.

But all at once there came to pass a thing which was as fortunate as it was strange—fortunate, because its coming to pass meant the release and subsequent free pardon of our misguided traveller; strange, because it was peculiar.

The wrathful Wim-Womite was about to bury his awful blade in the tearful optic of the unsatisfied diner, when there was a great noise among the people, and the scullery-maid of the camp, falling down at the feet of the Chief, cried, in agonizing tones—

"O Beck-a-Dee!" (please, mum, the pipes is bust).

In an instant the camp became absorbed in panic. The Chief of the Wim-Womites, terrified to the quick by the dreadful tidings, let go his hold of the trembling Calipers, and scampered round and about and hither and thither like one o'clock. In this display of disorganized pedestrianism he was quickly joined by his people. But Calipers remained calm. He was a plumber by trade, and could doctor up a bursting pipe with any of his kind. With this in mind, he snatched a baby Wim-Womite from the arms of its fond mother, and proceeded in search of the leak. His coolness of manner inspired the rest with some sort of confidence; they were curious, too, to know what he was going to do with the Infant of the Desert, and they watched him now with silent interest.

The man threaded his way through the people, and, guided by the water which now flooded the ground of the camp, and was beginning to rise somewhat too rapidly, or rapid-like, to suit the tastes of the Desert-landers, walked boldly in the direction of the Wim-Wom scullery. Arrived there, he saw at once where the mischief was. The main pipe had burst, and the water was spurting from a large hole in the ground. In a second, and without pausing to think of the risk he was running in approaching so near to the hissing stream, he dashed the baby to the concrete, guided it with his foot to the place whence the water issued, and then boldly trampled the thing into the hole. It was a noble act, and one which won for him the affection of all—except the mother of the plug, and she seemed rather angry.

Her expostulation with the too fond parent on her unseemly conduct and absence of patriotism, for what was the life of one baby compared with the lives of Her and Her's distinguished guests and people? Finding herself in the minority of one, and dreading the wrath of Her, the bereaved mother subsided, or, as Curly tersely put it, "Finding it 'no bottle,' the woman promptly turned her watery tears off at the main."

That same evening Her called Calipers into her boudoir, and said to him, "O Calipers, I am greatly indebted to you for your kindness in seeing to the pipes so promptly and so satisfactorily. But for you we might all have been washed against our wills—indeed, against the laws of our country; and therefore, in recognition of the inestimable service you have rendered us, I hereby not only pardon you your sin of etiquette, but bestow upon your humble cheek the Great Queen's scrumptious kiss of everlasting gratitude and peace."

And, so saying, she drew Calipers into her fair arms, and hugged him as in the picture.

The kiss of gratitude and peace.



Winkles for breakfast.

CHAPTER X. HOME-SICK.

"Look here, Calipers," said Curly, one morning, as the two gathered winkles for the Egyptian Beauty's breakfast, "I'm getting right-down sick of this place, and mean launching someone's boat in the Jim-Jam to-night. Are you with me?"

"Ask yourself," replied Calipers, significantly.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 118.—ARTHUR CECIL, F.O.S.

"Although not generally known, it is nevertheless a fact that Arthur Cecil can, with truth, claim to be a sort of distant connection of the Marquis of Salisbury, inasmuch as the family documents clearly show that, during the early part of the 18th Century, an ancestor of the Prime Minister of England was unfortunately reduced to the necessity of pledging his faithful Waterbury to a member of our hero's family who carried on a flourishing business as a pawnbroker during this period. Therefore it is no vain boast on our hero's part that one of his ancestors shone forth, not only as a friend in deed, but also as an 'uncle' to one of the proud Salisbury race. Although we may almost say, with blue blood curdling in his veins, Arthur was not too proud to enter the theatrical profession, and has never since regretted his choice of a vocation. An excellent comedian, a generous friend, and a brilliant conversationalist, it is no wonder that Arthur stands only second to his distant relative, the Marquis, in public favour. Chiefly because of his fondness for Aunt Jack, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' conferred on him, July 11th, 1885."—*Debrett Improved.*



She. How do you like my new frock?
He. Well, really I cannot approve of tight lacing.
She. You surely would not recommend loose habits to your parishioners.



Music of the forest. German bands not in it, and warranted no collection afterwards, excepting the bones of the spectators.



A ROD FOR HIS OWN BACK.

"May I ask what you are fishing for, Mr. Hackle?" "Suppose I said—for compliments." "Well, I should advise you not to keep so near to the water, unless you want to frighten away all the fish."

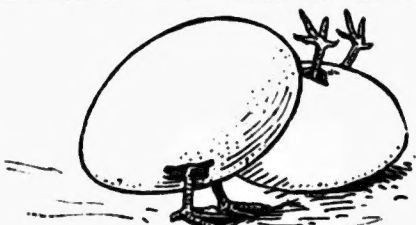
A MATTER OF CHOICE.



Spriggings (musingly). Humph! which one shall I dance with? If I choose the dark one, the other will sure to be jealous. And, again, if I choose the blonde, Miss Brunette will never forgive me. I know, I'll give them a dance each.



Mr. Keymeg. Nice easy country this, William. I'm going to be in at the death to-day.
Huntsman. Well, if yer hat enough ter bring that lump o' cat's meat near the 'ounds, you certainly will—at the death o' the cat, I mean.



"TWENTY-FOUR A SHILLING, WARRANTED."

Eggs "rocky" and sweet,
Eggs showing their feet;
Some of 'em hot 'uns—
All of 'em "shop 'uns."

A STRANGE DRINK.



(1). Rooney, Senior. "What's this, you thafe o' the world? Whisky! Shure it's robbin' McCarthy's shebeen ye've been after! Sorra the day, that a son av moine should do the like! O'ill take it back agin."—(2). "Bedad! it's meself deserves a sup o' drink for me honesty." Rooney, Junior (aside). "Musha thin! the ould moonlightin' thafe'll never drink the loike o' that!"—(3). "Begor! it'll make a corpse av him! Shure it's suicide he's after!"—(4). "Och! ugh! he jabsers! The leprechaun cratur's kilt me entoirly. Begorrah! he's poisoned his father!" Rooney, Junior. "Faix thin, Oi belave it'll shtiffen him! There was sorra a drop in the bottle but pure wather!"—(5). "He's the first Rooney that iver took a drink o' the kind, and Oi belave he'll be the last!"

SOMETHING LIKE ENJOYMENT.



"Well, old man, how did you get on at the ball last night?" "My dear fellow, I'm nearly dead; I stood up in every dance till I couldn't stand—didn't get home till six, regularly dead beat; fact is, I never enjoyed myself so much in my life."

SPITEFUL!



First Fair One. Allow me to introduce my—
Second Fair One. Grandfather, dear!
[Collapse of first fair one, who wished to have introduced her intended.]



"It has suddenly
it; but, when Billy sug
we knew there was so
Monks, and, to my cer



1. De Mashkyns had strolled on to t
to buy a morning paper. Suddenly
sight of a damsel-divinity; tall, and
divinely fair.